Johnny Morris presents Animal Magic on page ten.

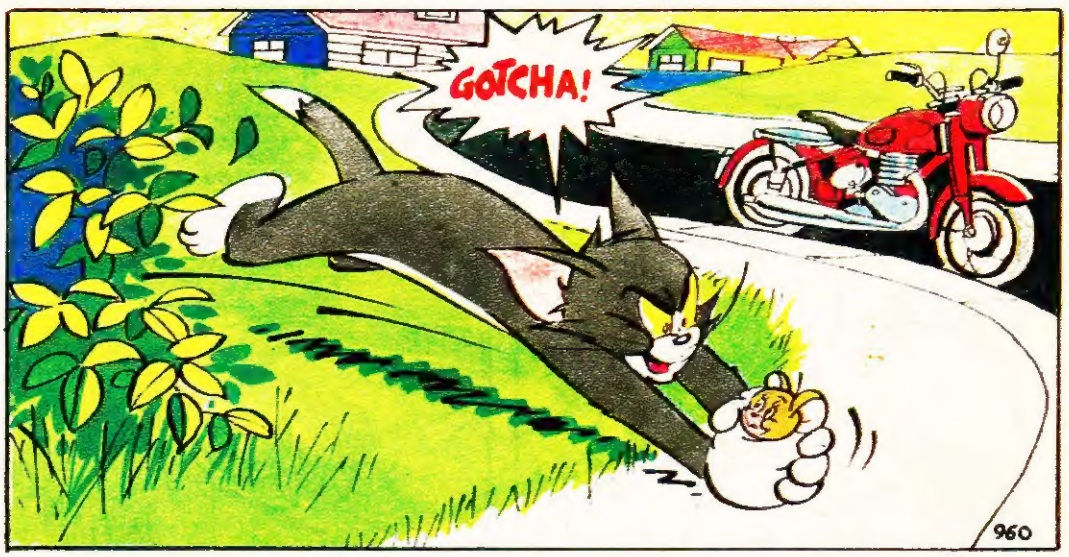
TV COMIC

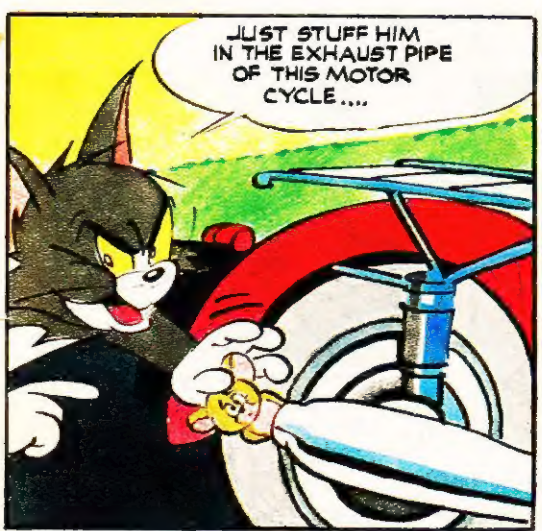
8d

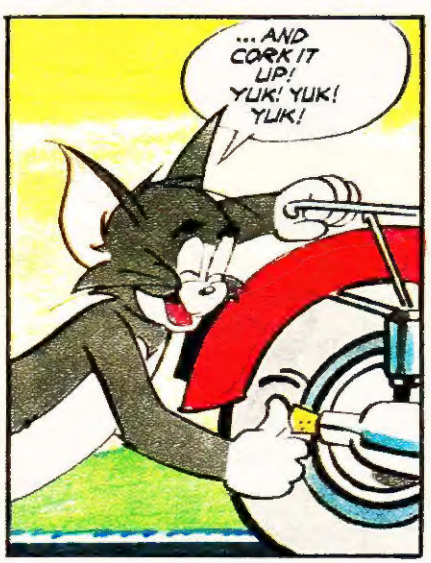
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

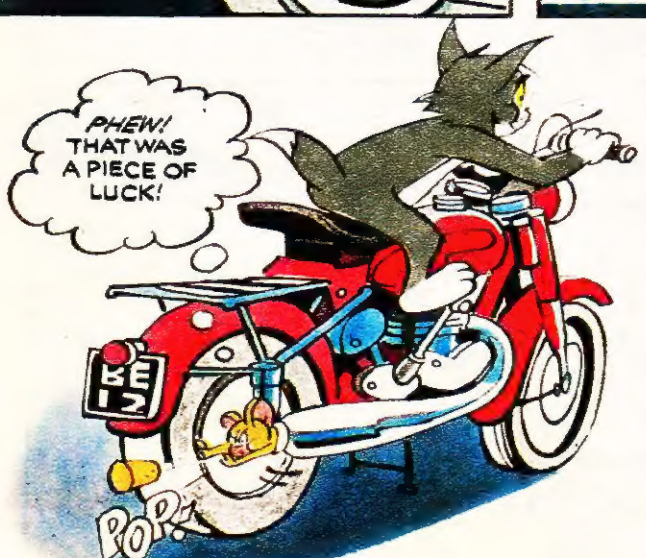
Every Monday | Week Ending 9th May, 1970 | Number 960

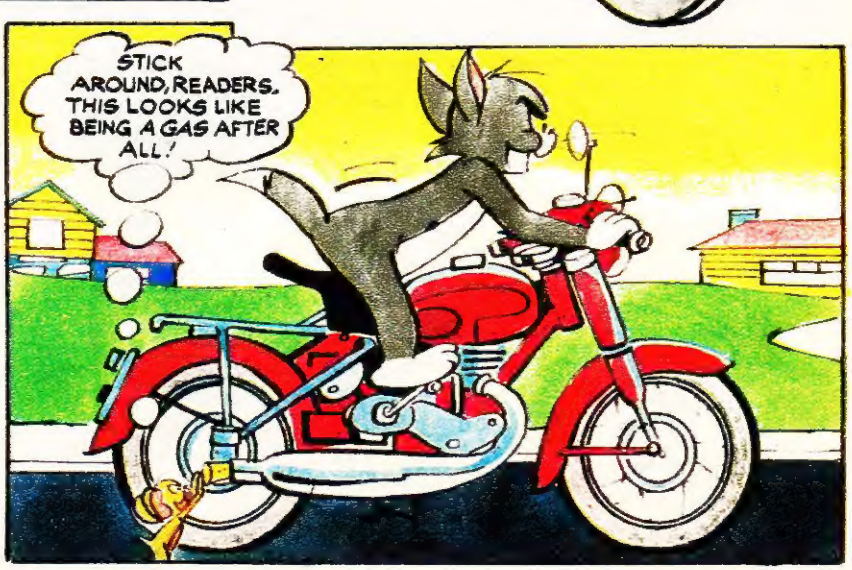
TOM and JERRY











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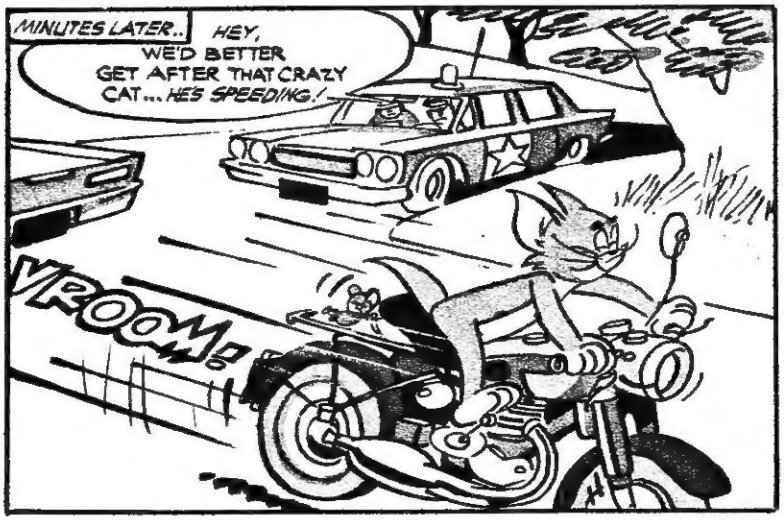
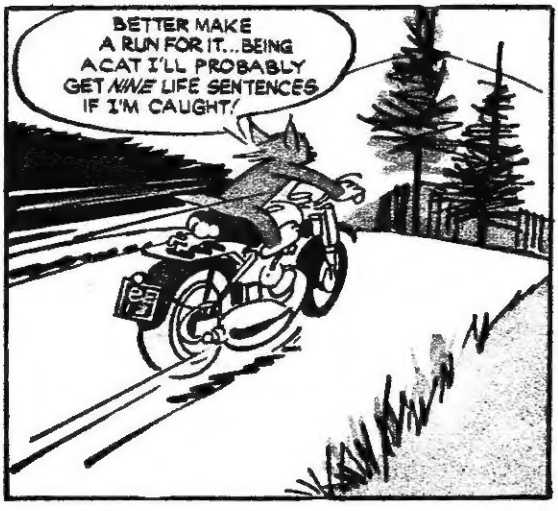
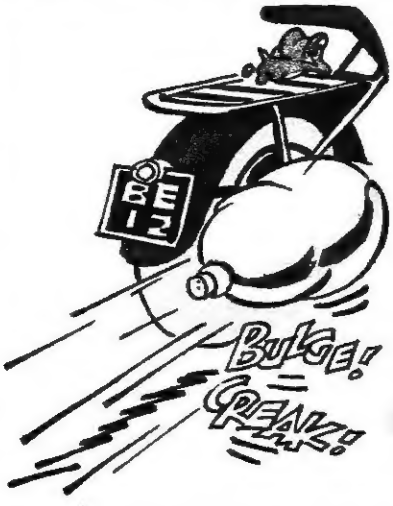
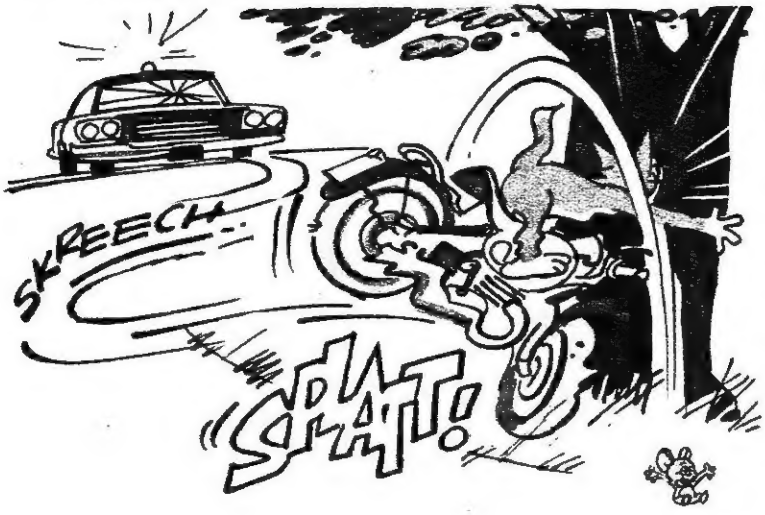
More mouseterics on page 2.









SPEEDING, RESISTING ARREST, FIRING ON POLICE... BOY, ARE YOU FOR IT, CAT!
TOM'S ATTEMPT TO GAS ME IN THE EXHAUST PIPE HAS CERTAINLY BACK-FIRED! TE! HE! HE!

Big fun with Tom's big gun next week.

TV Terrors
SLEEP TIGHT, BOOTS WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT MISS JUNE NORTH - SHE'S DOING A BEACH SCENE FOR HER NEW SERIES.
NEXT MORNING...
WELL, ARE WE ALL RESTED AND REFRESHED AND RARING TO GO?
YOWCH! OOH! OOH! THERE'S SOMETHING IN ME BOOTS!
STAB! STAB! STAB!
I FORGOT - I GAVE FRED AND CHARLIE SOME SLEEPING PILLS LAST NIGHT TO MAKE SURE THEY SLEPT WELL!
AT LAST HOPPIT'S ON DUTY.
ATTENTION, BOOTS! NO SLACKING NOW! HERE COME THOSE TERRORS!
OOH! OW! MY FEET HAVE GONE TO SLEEP! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THOSE SLEEPING PILLS!!
WOW! NOW'S OUR CHANCE. HOPPIT WON'T BE ABLE TO DO A THING WITH HIS FEET!
PRICKLE STAB! STAB! ZZZ!
THUMP!
TOO BAD, TERRORS! MY FAITHFUL BOOTS ARE JUST AS MUCH AT HOME ON MY MITTS!
I SAY, HOPPIT - WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
WELL- ER - ITS - WELL-
I THINK YOU NEED A REST, HOPPIT. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD. BOOTS GO ON YOUR FEET, YOU KNOW, NOT YOUR HANDS!
WELL, SIR - ITS NOT REALLY WELL-
I SUGGEST YOU HAVE A LITTLE LIE - DOWN. PERHAPS ITS JUST A SLIGHT ATTACK OF SUNSTROKE.
B-BUT, SIR I-I-
YIPPEE! NOW WE CAN GET MISS NORTH'S AUTOGRAPH!
BUT!
POOR OLD HOPPIT! NOBODY WILL LISTEN TO HIM!
HE! HE! HE!

Another 'bootful' of fun next week.

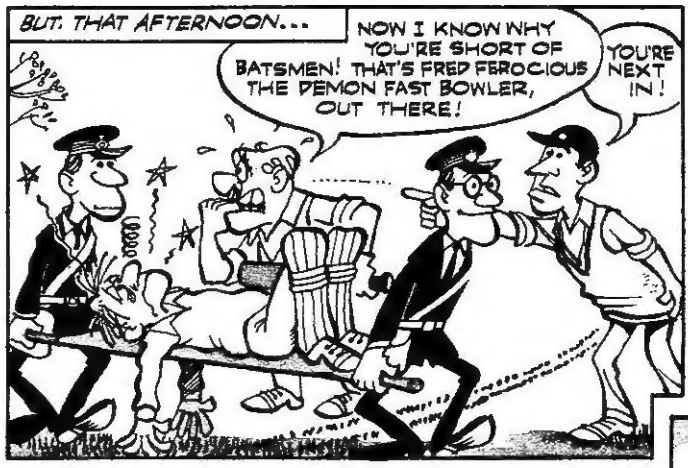
THE AVENGERS

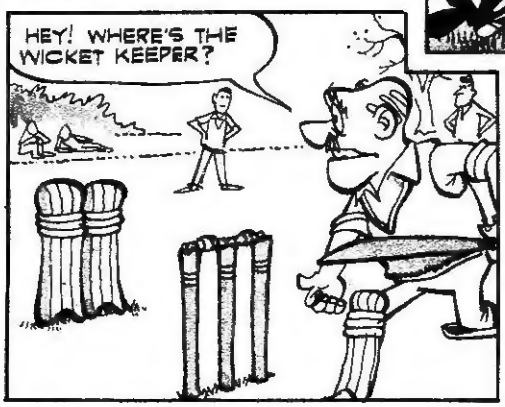
MEN constructing a new motorway refuse to continue work after seeing the ghost of an ancient Roman riding across a hill in a fiery chariot.
Steed and Tara King investigate and the trail leads to Grubber's End, a remote hamlet owned by Squire Fabian Witherspoon. There, they see the ghost again and pursue it into an incredible museum . . . .

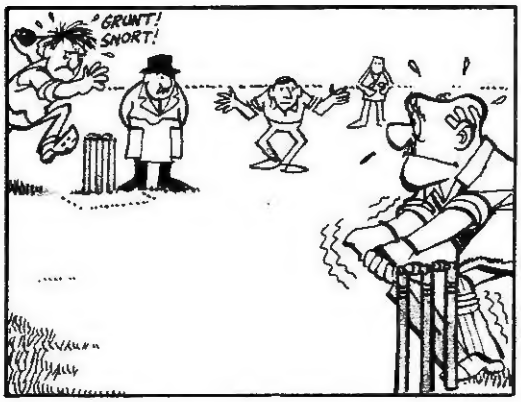
Based on the Thames Television production

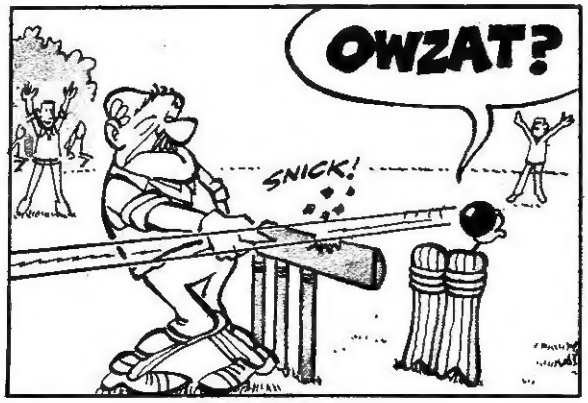
Steed and Tara are under the axeman next week.

MIGHTY MOTH


BUT: THAT AFTERNOON...
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU'RE SHORT OF BATSMEN! THAT'S FRED FEROCIOUS THE DEMON FAST BOWLER, OUT THERE!
YOU'RE NEXT IN!







There's a laugh every line when Dad writes a book next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE has cast a spell on Touchwood in the hope that the Toad will lead him back into the past, but Touchwood is simply leaping madly all over the place. He has upset a picnic party and some boys are chasing him as Catweazle follows . .

IN THE NEXT FIELD, CARROT IS BATTING FOR HIS SIDE IN THE FIRST CRICKET MATCH OF THE SEASON...
I'LL SLOG THIS ONE... I'M LAST MAN IN AND WE NEED PLENTY OF RUNS!

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Next week Touchwood gets a ' head ' start !

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

A ' hole ' lot of laughs with the Kops' socks next week.

Tich and Quackers

TICH WANTS ME TO PLAY FOOTBALL WITH HIM TODAY./

960

BUT I'M TOO SMALL TO BE A GOALIE./ I'LL NEVER REACH THE BALL!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT, QUACKERS? YOU COULD HAVE FLOWN UP AND GOT THAT ONE!

CRASH!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'VE BROKEN P.C. FLATFOOT'S WINDOW!

M-ME?

GRRR! COME BACK, YOU RASCALS! STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

HUH! YOU'RE FLYING NOW!

I REMEMBERED THIS TIME!

I KNOW HOW TO FOOL OLD P.C. FLATFOOT... I'LL GET ONE OF RAY'S T.V. DISGUISES!

MINUTES LATER....

HE WENT THATAWAY!

THANKS, SONNY!

HALF A MO'! I HAVEN'T SEEN A KID WITH A FULL-GROWN BEARD AND MOUSTACHE?

SCREECH!

AHA! I THOUGHT SO!

GULP!

ER... FINE WEATHER WE'RE HAVING, CONSTABLE!

SOON...

NOW THEN, TICH... YOU CAN'T DENY THAT YOUR BALL BROKE MY WINDOW, CAN YOU?

NO, SIR!

AND YOU CAN'T DENY THAT YOUR WINDOW... ER PUNCTURED MY BALL, CAN YOU?

WELL.. ER... NO!

THEN I'D SAY WE WERE QUITS, WOULDN'T YOU?

Q..QUITS?

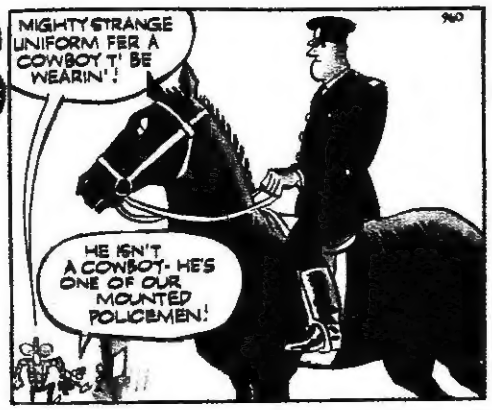
SOMEHOW I THINK I WAS TALKED INTO THAT! THAT KID WILL MAKE A GREAT LAWYER WHEN HE GROWS UP!

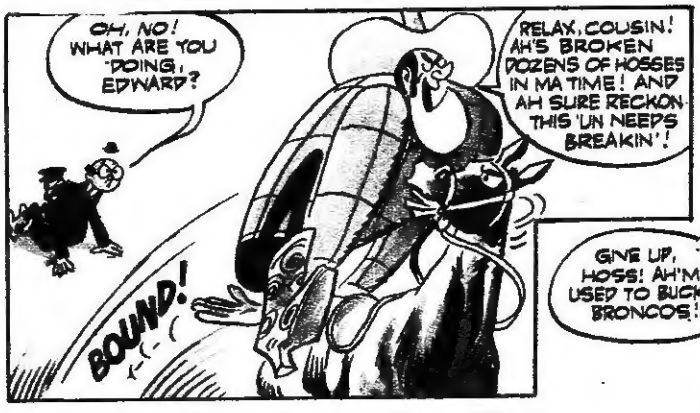
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

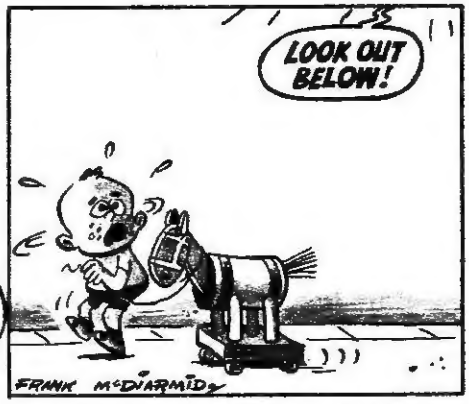
Ahoy there! Watch out for Tich the pirate!

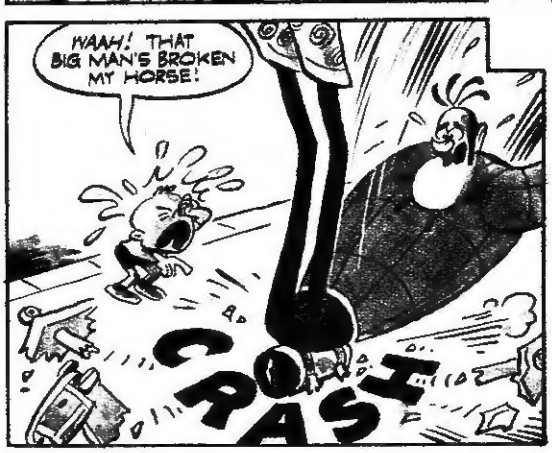
TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head

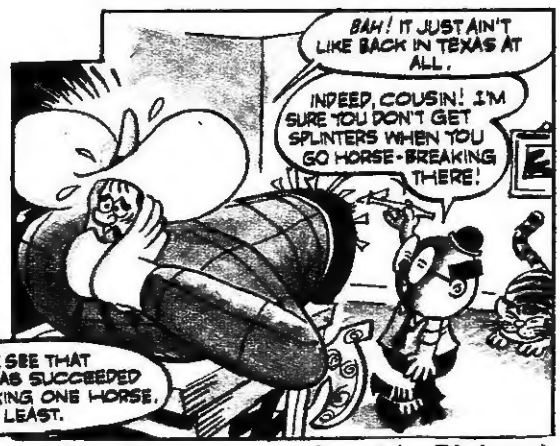



OH, NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, EDWARD?
RELAX, COUSIN! AH'S BROKEN DOZENS OF HOSSES IN MA TIME! AND AH SURE RECKON THIS 'UN NEEDS BREAKIN'!
BOUND!





AH'M REAL SORRY ABOUT THAT, KID! BUT HERE'S SOME CASH - GO AND BUY YERSELF A BIGGER AND BETTER HOSS!
WELL, I SEE THAT EDWARD HAS SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING ONE HORSE, AT LEAST.



Bigger laughs next week with Bighead.

BASIL BRUSH

THE DOC SAYS A COUPLE OF DAYS IN BED AND YER'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RAIN, GUV. KEEP WARM, NOW!

SNIFF!

SNIFF!

WE BRUSHES HAVE NEVER BEEN ONES FOR STAYING IN BED. WE HAVE ALL BEEN MEN OF ACTION!

LUVADUCK! IT'S THE GUV'NOR! HE'S GOT UP OUT OF HIS BED!

BACK TO BED, GUV! DOCTOR'S H'ORDERS! YOU'LL CATCH YER DEATH O' COLD RUNNIN' ABOUT IN YER BARE FEET TOO!

I CAN WALK, CHUMMERS. I'M NOT A CHILD!

AND DON'T YOU GO MOVING FROM THAT BED AGAIN, SIR! YOU STAY IN THERE OR I'LL HAVE TO FETCH THE DOC!

CHUMMERS IS THE BOSS THIS WEEK!

IT ISN'T RIGHT FOR A BRUSH TO BE STUCK UP HERE WHEN THERE'S A SMASHING PROGRAMME ON THE TELLY!

IDEA!

IT'S A SHAME FOR THE GUV'NOR. IT'S HIS FAVOURITE PROGRAMME AND HE AIN'T ABLE TER WATCH IT!

I KNOW HOW TO CHEER UP OLD BASIL - I'LL TRY AND RIG UP THE TELLY IN HIS BEDROOM!

??

"TALLY-HO!"

BASIL ISN'T DISOBEYING DOCTOR'S ORDERS - HE'S STILL IN HIS BED, WHAT!

THE GUV'NOR. OH, NO!

MY BUTLER! OH, NO!

HELP!

OH, DEAR! I'VE RUN INTO OLD CHUMMERS! DREADFULLY SORRY, OLD CHAP!

WELL, THAT'S SETTLED SOMETHING, GUV! NO TELLY FER US TONIGHT!

NO TELLY TO WATCH, SO THERE AIN'T NO POINT IN STAYING UP, GUV! I'LL JUST JOIN YER IN BED!

HOW I DO HATE COLDS. SOMETHING TERRIBLE ALWAYS HAPPENS!

Another jolly old romp next week with Basil and Chummers.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THE Hippos at the Zoo have a great big pond to lie in. Hippos spend a lot of time in the water and they can stay under for quite a long time so that you wouldn't know that anyone was in the pond.

NOW WHERE ON EARTH HAVE THEY GOT TO?

SSSHHH! DON'T LET ON. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE.

COME ON, ROLY AND POLY, I KNOW YOU ARE THERE!

HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE IN HERE?

WHERE ELSE COULD YOU BE?

WE NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

COME ON OUT, IT'S TIME FOR CRICKET PRACTICE.

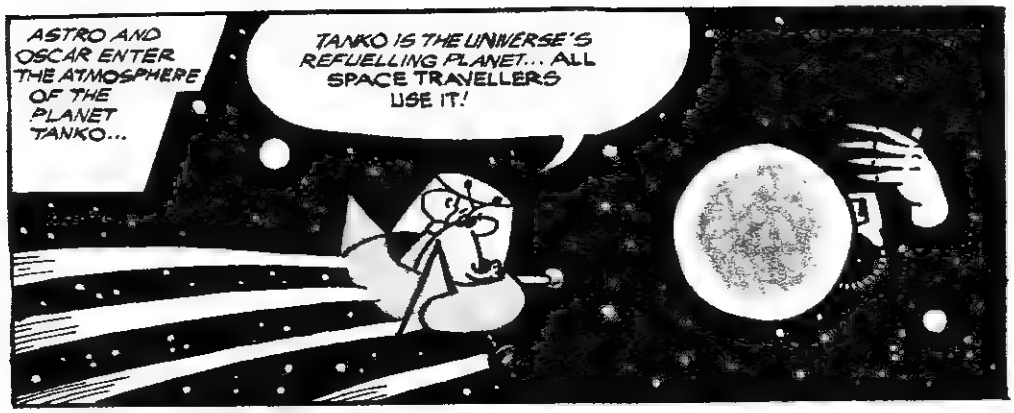
OH, GOOD! WE LOVE CRICKET PRACTICE!

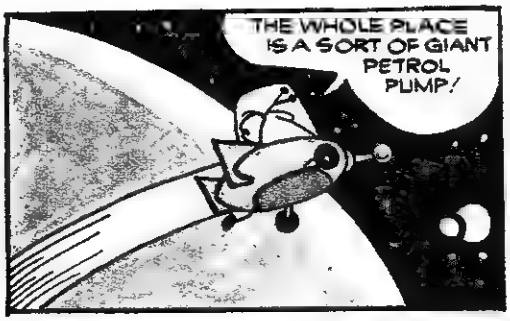
WE DON'T WANT DROPPED CATCHES TODAY!

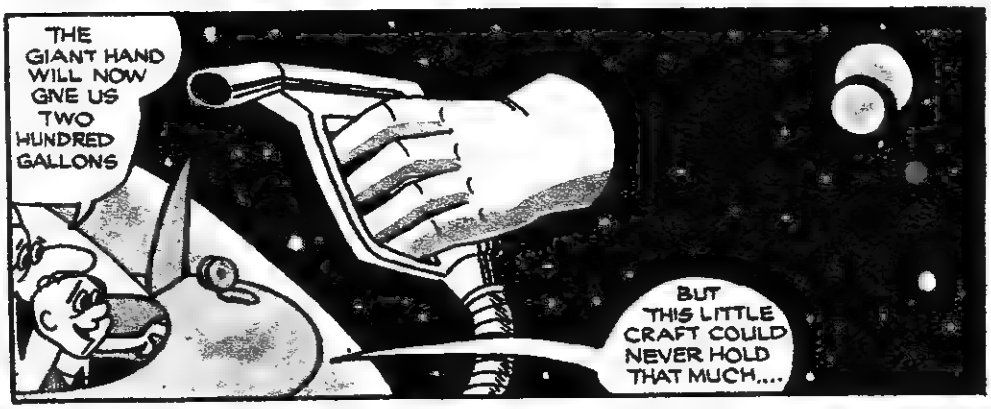
WE'LL HAVE THAT BAG OF APPLES OUT IN NO TIME.

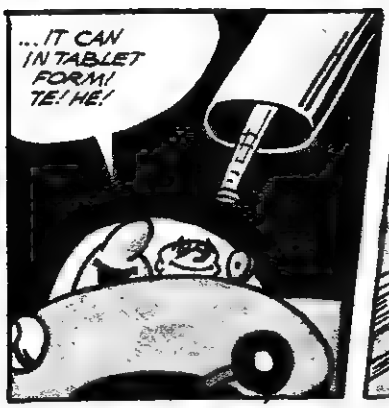
More animal stories next week.

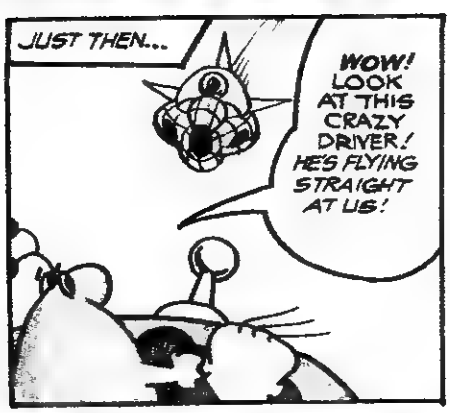
ASTRONUT

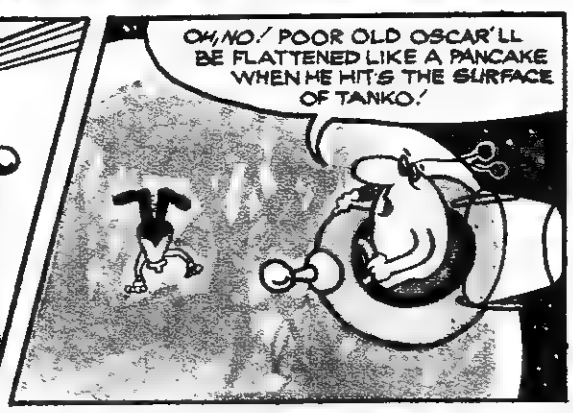

ASTRO AND OSCAR ENTER THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLANET TANKO...
TANKO IS THE UNIVERSE'S REFUELLING PLANET... ALL SPACE TRAVELLERS USE IT!











MINUTES LATER...
I'VE CERTAINLY GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, HAND!
OSCAR SHOULD THANK HIS LUCKY STARS THERE ARE PLANETS LIKE TANKO ABOUT!

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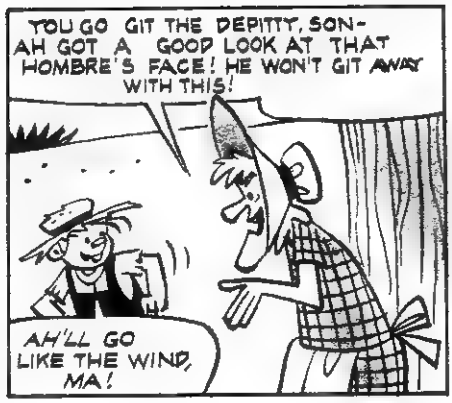
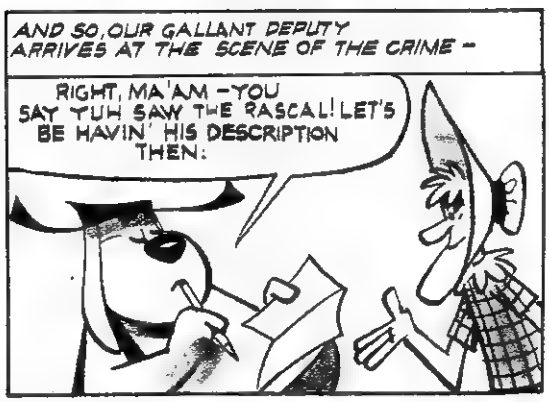
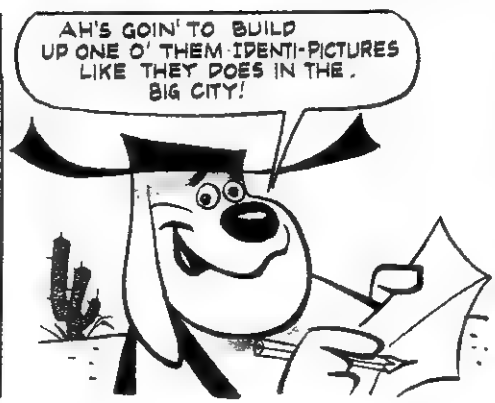
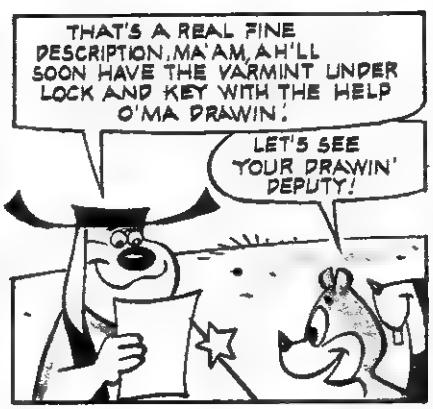
Plenty of ' space ' for fun next week with Astro.

Deputy Dawg

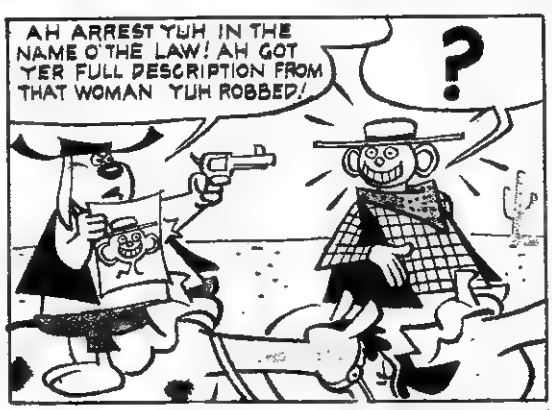


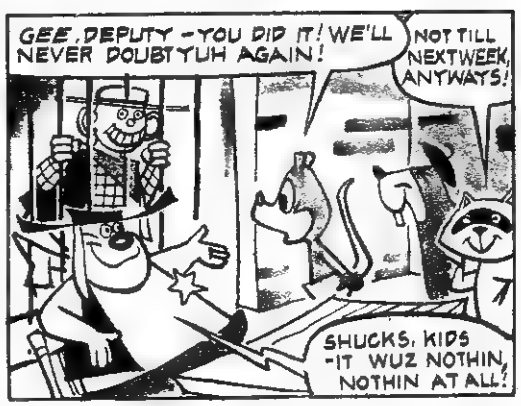

AND SO, OUR GALLANT DEPUTY ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME -
RIGHT, MA'AM -YOU SAY TUH SAW THE RASCAL! LET'S BE HAVIN' HIS DESCRIPTION THEN:




THAT'S A REAL FINE DESCRIPTION, MA'AM, AH'LL SOON HAVE THE VARMINT UNDER LOCK AND KEY WITH THE HELP O'MA DRAWIN'.
LET'S SEE YOUR DRAWIN' DEPUTY!

HO-HO! THAT AIN'T LIKE NOBODY YOU'RE LIKELY TO RUN INTO ROUND THESE PARTS!
RECKON YOU SHOULD STICK TO TIDDLYWINKS, DEPUTY - YOU SURE CAN'T DRAW!





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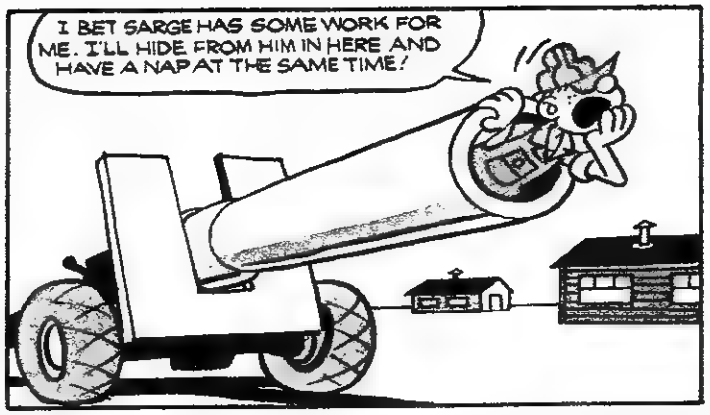
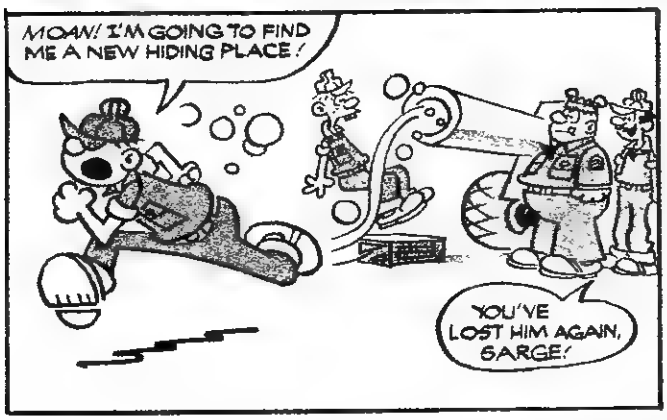
Deputy's still ' in the picture ' here next week.

BEETLE BAILEY



HAVE YOU SEEN BEETLE AROUND, ZERO? THAT LAYABOUT HAS SO MANY HIDING PLACES THAT I CAN NEVER FIND HIM!
I NEVER SEE ANYTHING SARGE!
ZZZ



BUGS BUNNY
PRESENTS...
BARBEROUS BUNNY
AH AIN'T LOOKIN' MA USUAL BEAUTIFUL SELF THESE DAYS! MA WHISKERS IS BADLY IN NEED OF A TRIM!
960
THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, PIRATE. BUGS BUNNY ESQUIRE HAS TAKEN UP THE NOBLE TRADE OF BARBERING. PRAY BE SEATED.'
SHIVER ME TIMBERS! A BUNNY BARBER!
YOU'D BETTER MAKE A GOOD JOB OF IT, BUNNY... OR AH'LL GIVE YUH A SHORT BACK AND BROADSIDES WITH ME PISTOLS!
RELAX, SIR! I JUST PUT ON THE BRAKE, THEN I'LL BEGIN!
CLICK!
HWELP! HWELP! THAT TEWIBLE PUTEY-TAT'S AFTER ME! HWELP!
GRRR! YOU BET I AM! YOU PUT WHITEWASH IN MY MILK!
HWELP! A WOAD-BWOCK! MOVE OVER!
WOWCH!
WHAM!
CLICK
BLISTERIN' BROADSIDES! THIS LANDSHIP'S ON THE MOVE! SOME FOOL'S RAISED THE ANCHOR!
ER... THAT FWOOL WAS ME, MISTER PWIWATE! G-GULP!
GRRR! WHERE'S THAT BURD? WHERE IS HE? MUMBLE!
THUD
OH, DWEAR! THAT PUTEY-TAT'S STWILL ON MY TWAIL! GULP!
CORRECT! YOU'LL SOON BE AT MY MERCY!
COO! BUGSY'S HAIR LACQUER SPWAY WILL HWELP ME SHWOOT DOWN THAT PUTEY-TAT!
WOOSH!
AAAGH! I CAN'T MOVE! WHAT'S THAT BIRD GONE AN' DONE TO ME?
SYLWESTER'S A BIG STWIFF NOW!
HE'S ALWAYS BIN THAT! NOW HOW'S ABOUT A-DOIN' SOMETHIN' T' STOP THIS SHIP!
WELL, WISS STUFF STWOPPED SYLWESTER IN HIS TWACKS.. MAYBE IT'LL STWOP THE CHAIR TOO!
WOOSH!
DOGGONE IT' YOU'SE DONE IT, BIRD! IF THERE'S ANYTHIN' AH CAN DO IN RETURN, JUST YOU NAME IT! YES, SIR.'
WELL, I WOULD LIKE A BWODYGUARD TO PWOTECT ME FWOM SYLWESTER.'
LATER...
YOU GOT ANY COMPLAINTS, CAT?
ME? NOT ME! I ALWAYS ENJOY A NICE GLASS OF MILK AND WHITEWASH!
I THINK I'LL BE A DOCTOR INSTEAD... SYLVESTER'S GOING TO NEED ONE! HEH! HEH!

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Sylvester learns 'Karate' next week.

Pick of the Jokes

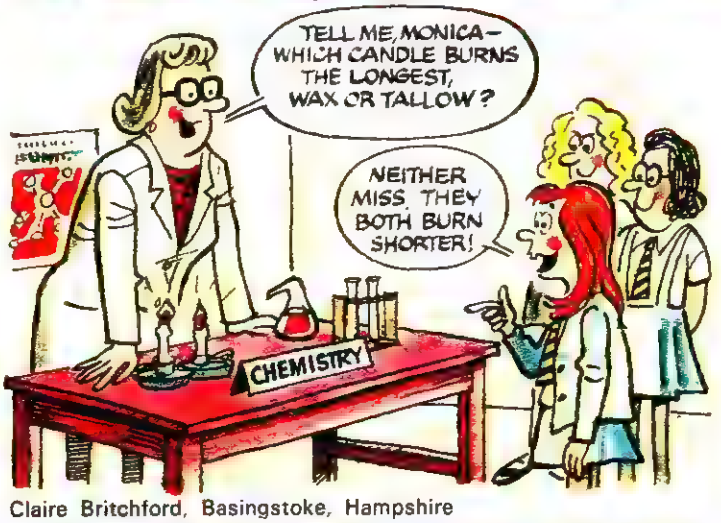
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Jimmy Rogers, London, S.W.1.

TWO CONVICTS ESCAPED FROM PRISON LAST NIGHT, ONE SIX FEET TALL, THE OTHER THREE FEET TALL — THE POLICE ARE LOOKING HIGH AND LOW!

Samuel Anderson, Co. Derry, N. Ireland.

Elizabeth Chappell, Motherwell, Scotland.



Claire Britchford, Basingstoke, Hampshire

colour in a 'Smash' clown

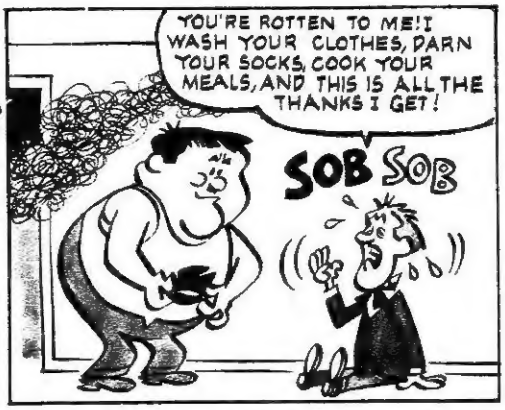
Big Smash only 4d.

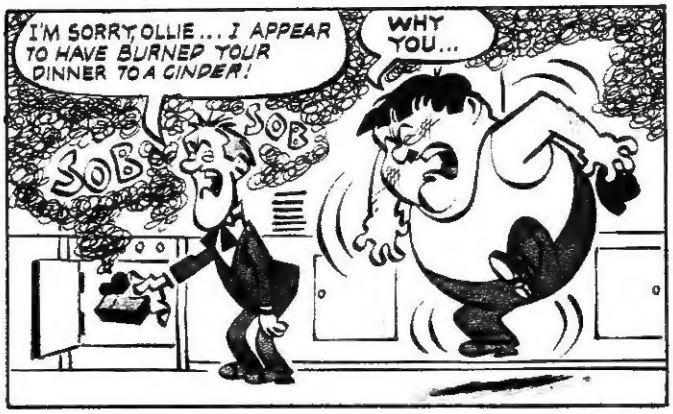
Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid

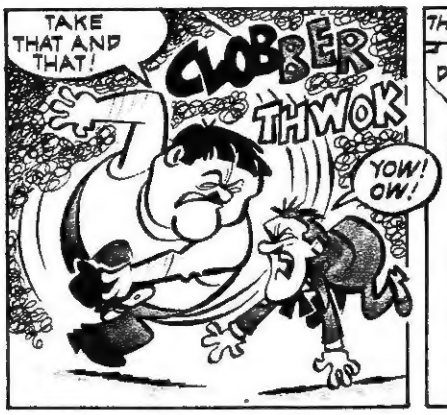
Larry Harmon's

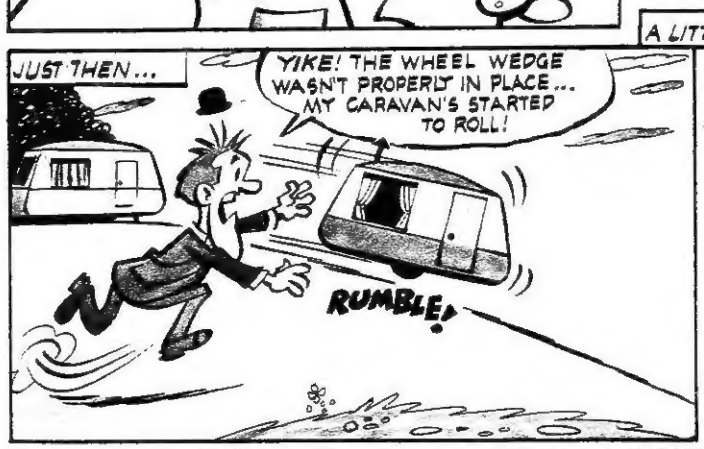
LAUREL & HARDY

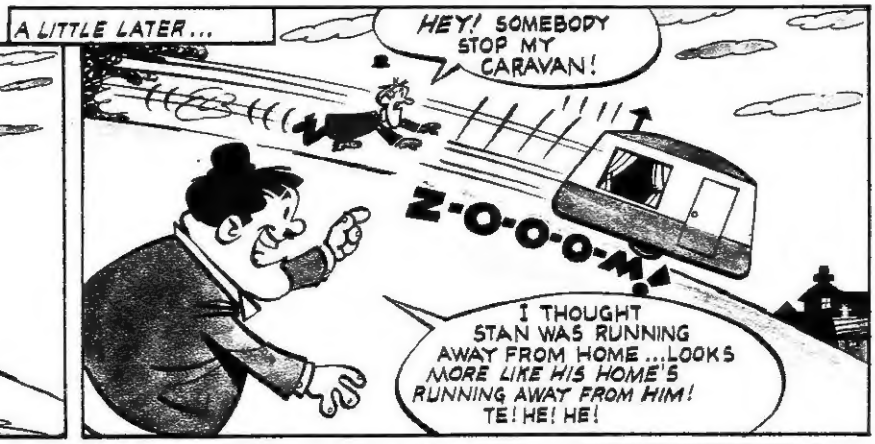
© 1970. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation










A LITTLE LATER...
HEY! SOMEBODY STOP MY CARAVAN!
Z-O-O-O-M!
I THOUGHT STAN WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME... LOOKS MORE LIKE HIS HOME'S RUNNING AWAY FROM HIM! TE! HE! HE!

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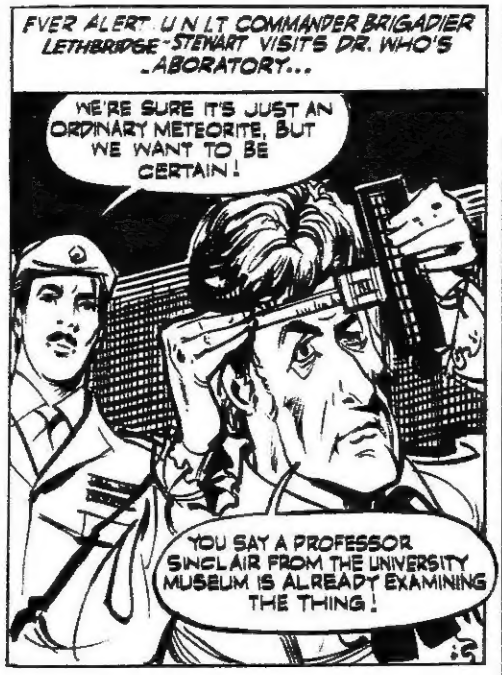
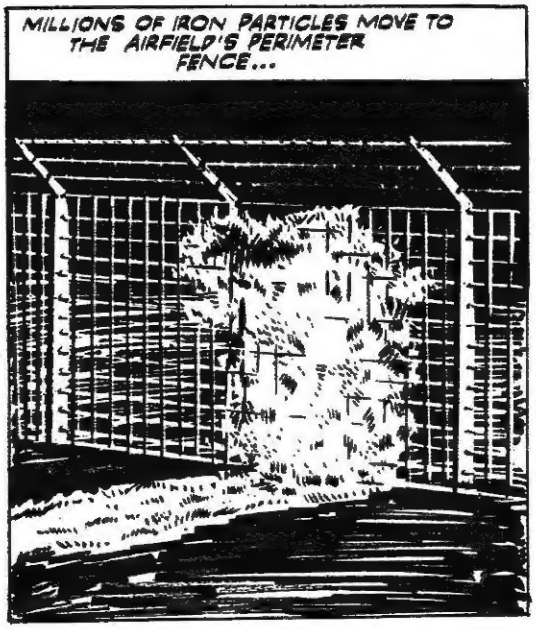
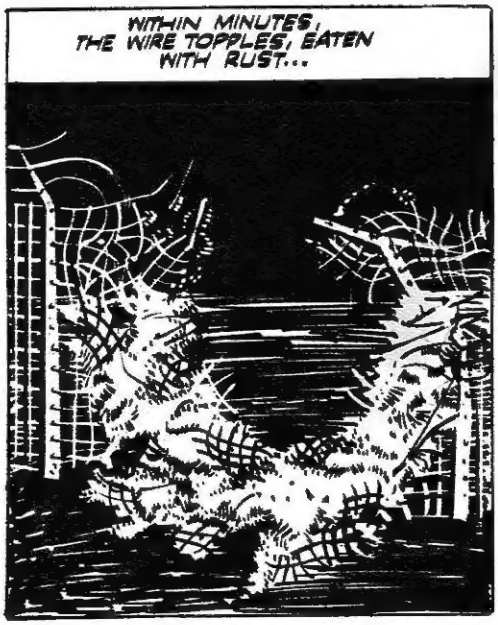
DOCTOR WHO

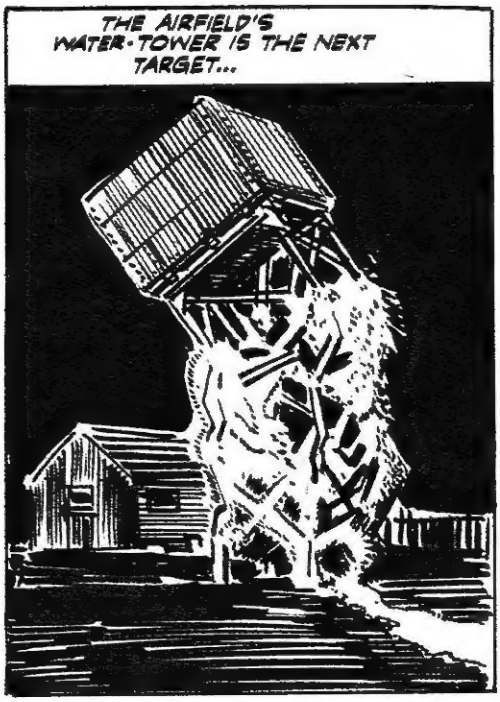
OUTER space is the highway of many natural travellers. Among them meteorites occasionally terminate their journeys on the surface of the earth, crashing through the atmosphere like giant balls of flame.

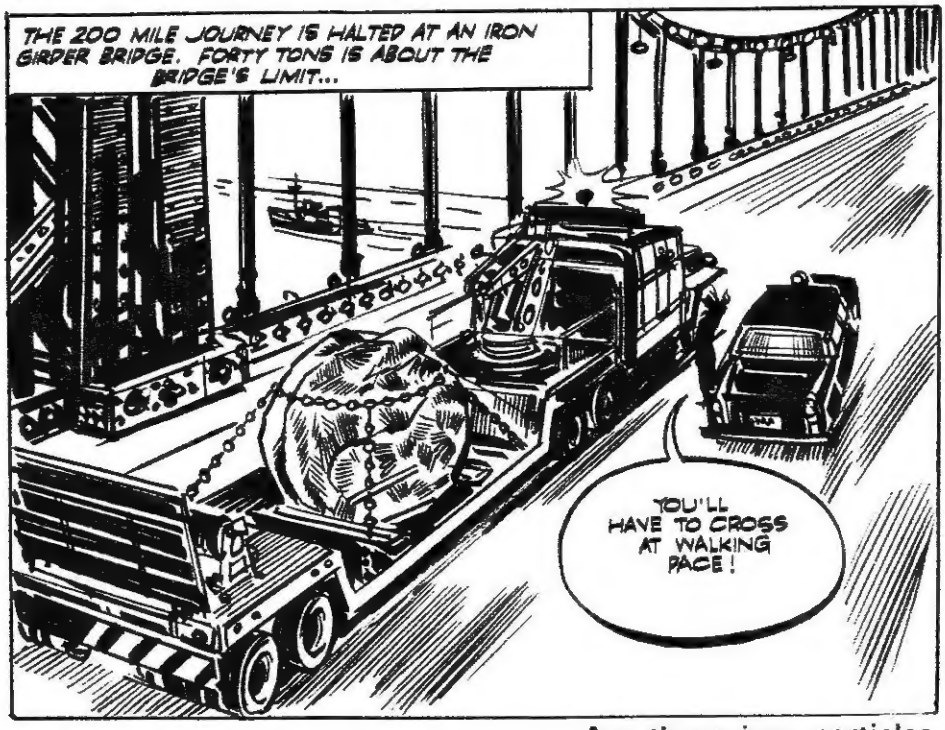

EVER ALERT U N LT COMMANDER BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART VISITS DR. WHO'S LABORATORY...
WE'RE SURE IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY METEORITE, BUT WE WANT TO BE CERTAIN!
YOU SAY A PROFESSOR SINCLAIR FROM THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM IS ALREADY EXAMINING THE THING!

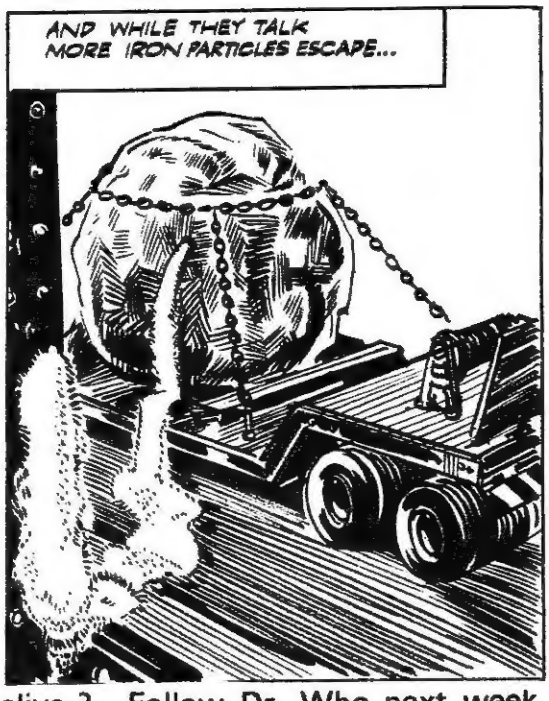
© BBC tv 1970



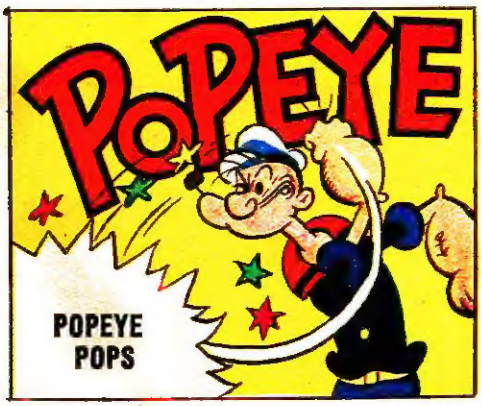


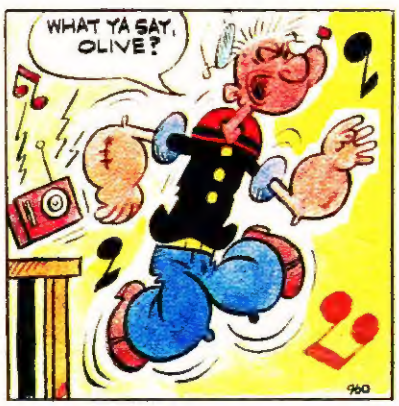


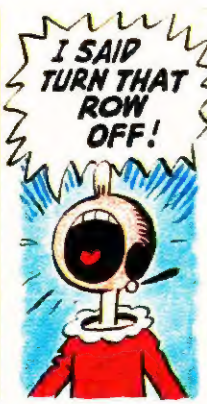

THE 200 MILE JOURNEY IS HALTED AT AN IRON GIRDER BRIDGE. FORTY TONS IS ABOUT THE BRIDGE'S LIMIT...
YOU'LL HAVE TO CROSS AT WALKING PACE!



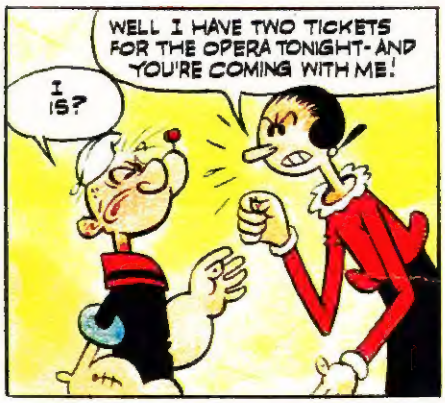
Are these iron particles alive ? Follow Dr. Who next week.

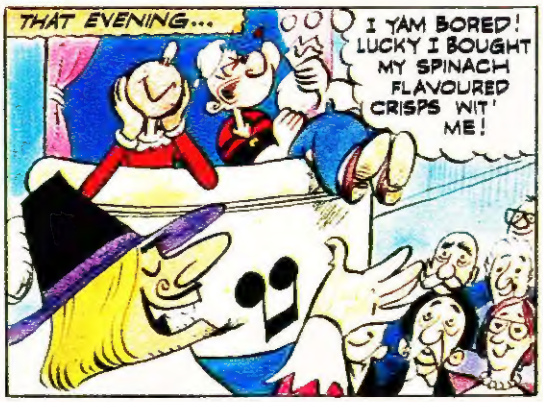


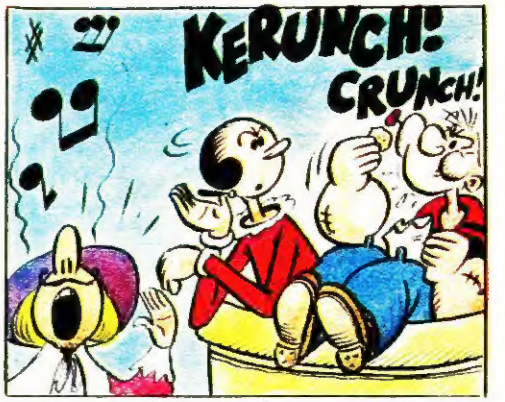


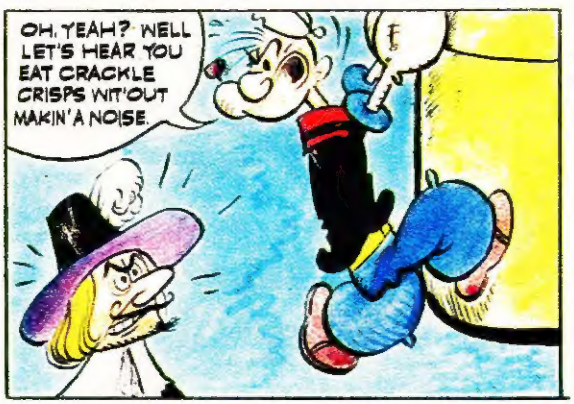


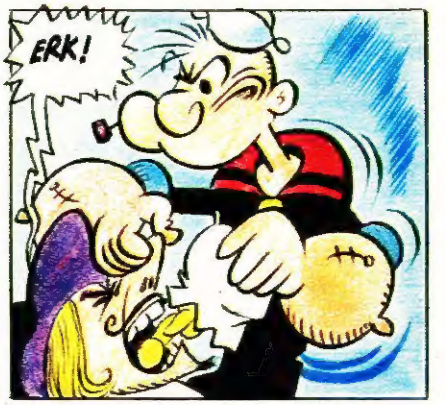
ALL YOU DO IS LISTEN TO POP-MUSIC! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT SOME CULTURE INTO YOU!
I DON'T GO FER ALL THAT THAR HIGH-BROW STUFF, OLIVE!

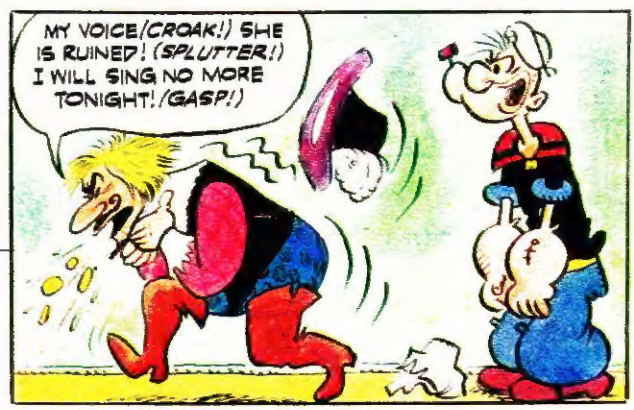


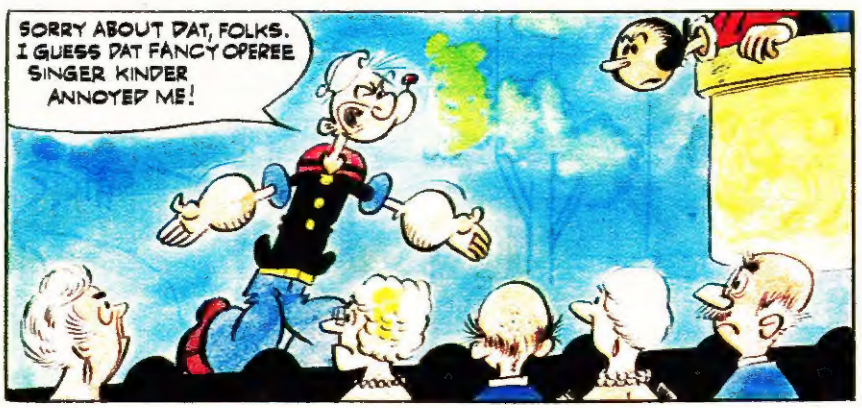


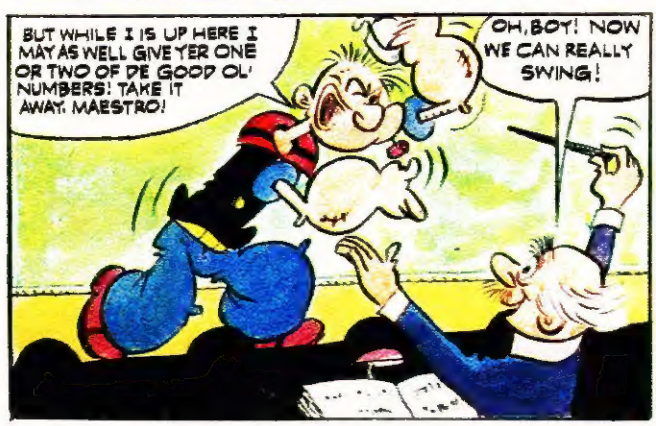











BUT WHILE I IS UP HERE I MAY AS WELL GIVE YER ONE OR TWO OF DE GOOD OL' NUMBERS! TAKE IT AWAY, MAESTRO!
OH, BOY! NOW WE CAN REALLY SWING!

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Three wishes for Popeye and laughs for you next week.